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LIKE WE ALL
SHOULD BE

A COLLECTIVE VIEW
OF MODERN SOCIETY



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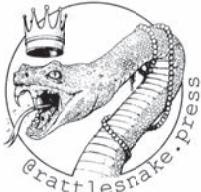
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JANUARY 1969

I WAS 19 AND HE WAS 31 AND GETTING A DIVORCE. WE CELEBRATED HIS FREEDOM BY MOVING IN TOGETHER.

ART: GERRY MOONEY

STORY: ANONYMOUS

THAT WAS SEPTEMBER.
NOW IT WAS JANUARY. HE
WAS STILL NOT DIVORCED,
BUT I WAS PREGNANT.

I PICTURED HIM
RUSHING TO TAKE ME
INTO HIS ARMS AND
SAYING...

OH DARLING, I AM SO
HAPPY! I WILL TREASURE
YOU AND OUR CHILD
FOREVER!

I TOLD HIM. HE LOOKED SHOCKED.

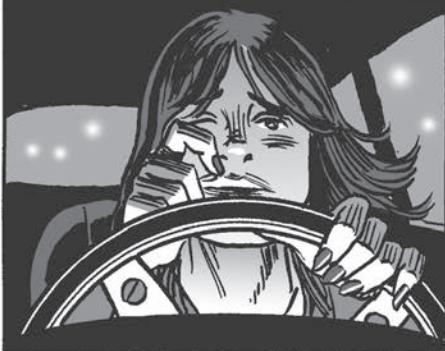
I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE
TOLD YOU BEFORE NOW,
BUT I JUST DON'T LOVE
YOU ANYMORE.

NOW I WAS SHOCKED. WE
ARGUED. I CRIED. I BEGGED.
NO USE.

GET YOUR STUFF
TOGETHER AND I'LL HELP
CARRY IT TO YOUR CAR.

I CAN'T LET YOU BE
HERE ANYMORE. YOU'VE
GOT TO GO.

I DROVE TO MY PARENTS' HOUSE AND ASKED MOM IF I COULD SPEND THE NIGHT.



SURE.



I THANKED HER AND WE SAID GOODNIGHT.



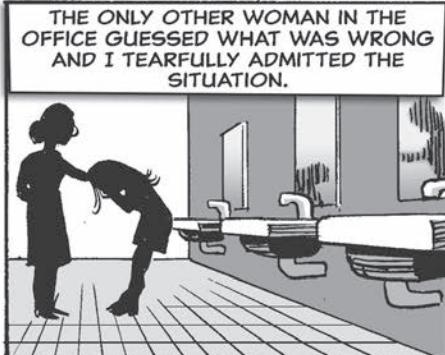
I HAD A NICE JOB IN A SMALL OFFICE DOWNTOWN.



ALL VERY NICE PEOPLE, UNTIL I THREW UP IN MY WASTEBASKET THAT MORNING...



THE ONLY OTHER WOMAN IN THE OFFICE GUessed WHAT WAS WRONG AND I TEARFULLY ADMITTED THE SITUATION.



WHEN I GOT BACK FROM LUNCH THEY HAD MY FINAL CHECK READY. I WAS FIRED.



I CASHED THE PAYCHECK (\$150 EVERY TWO WEEKS, LESS TAXES). THAT AND MY CLOTHES WERE ALL I HAD. SINCE DAD WAS OUT OF TOWN FOR THE WEEK, I KNEW MOM WOULD LET ME BUNK WITH HER FOR A FEW DAYS UNTIL I COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO.

MOM CAME FLYING IN FROM HER SHIFT AT THE DINER...

WILL YOU PUT ON A POT OF SPAGHETTI WHILE I WASH UP? I'VE GOT TO PICK UP THE KIDS AT THE GYM!

WE'LL EAT WHEN WE GET BACK!

I USED MOM'S RECIPE AND PUT IT TO SIMMER, THEN SLAMMED SOME GARLIC BREAD IN THE OVEN AS SHE DROVE UP.

HI, KIDS!

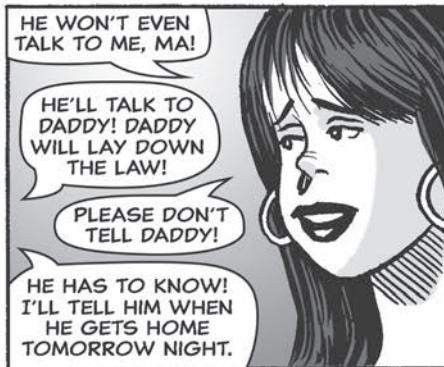
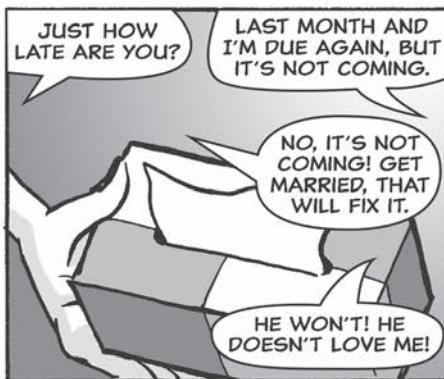
THAT SMELLS GOOD!

HI, SIS!

THE TABLE WAS SET; WE SAT DOWN, THE KIDS ATE IN UNDER TEN MINUTES.

THEY WENT OUT TO SHOOT BASKETS, MOM AND I PUT THE KITCHEN BACK IN ORDER.

WE TOOK OUR PEPSI'S AND OUR CIGARETTES AND WENT INTO THE DEN.





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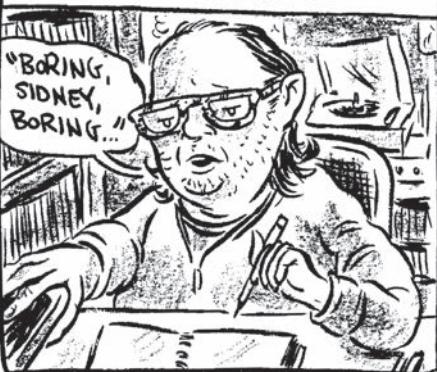
SOMETIMES I'LL NOTICE THAT I'M BEING FOLLOWED BY SOMEONE FROM HIGH SCHOOL OR AN OLD JOB AND STUFF.



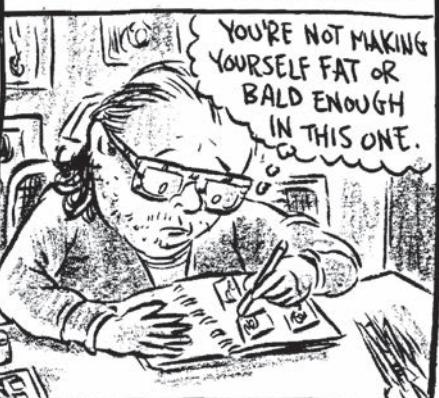
WHEN I LOOK AT THEIR PHOTOS, THEY ARE ALWAYS SOMEWHERE SUNNY, SMILING WITH CHILDREN, AND DOGS.



IT ALL SEEMS DESIGNED TO SHOW HOW HEALTHY, HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL AT LIFE THEY ALL ARE.



BUT DEEP INSIDE, I HOPE THEY ARE JUST AS MESSED UP AS ME.



ALL LIVES MATTER

(OR THE EVOLUTION OF MAN)

by GREG RUSSELL



I THOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY WHILE LISTENING TO RECORDS.



THE SONGS REMINDED ME OF A TIME WE SPENT TOGETHER THAT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.

H139162M



THERE'S SO MUCH I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT YOU. I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT BY MAKING A COMIC.



BUT IT'S BEEN SO LONG. I DON'T HAVE ANY PHOTOS OF YOU. I DON'T KNOW IF I REMEMBER WHAT YOU LOOKED LIKE. HOW YOU WORE YOUR HAIR.



I HAD TO LOOK UP HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN GONE. IT WILL BE 20 YEARS THIS AUGUST.



I STILL DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS AN ACCIDENT OR YOU LEFT ON PURPOSE.





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DANCE, MONKEY.
DAAAANCE!

AHUGGH!
SHIT!

EARTH
SLIME

presented
by

OH, YEAH! EVERYTHING'S FINE...
WHAT'S YOUR ORDER AGAIN? HEH, HEH.

COMIC FOR INXCOMIC

THANK YOU FOR
ATTENDING THE
NORTH CAROLINA
CHAPTER OF
CRYPTIDS
TOGETHER

IF YOU'RE WILLING,
PLEASE SHARE WHY
YOU'RE HERE.

I'LL
START...



I'M
NORMIE,
OF LAKE
NORMAN.

HUMANS BLAME
NUCLEAR WASTE
FOR MY ORIGIN,
YET THEY STILL
POLLUTE MY
WATERS!

I'M BEAST OF
BLADENBORO.
PEOPLE SAY I
EAT GOATS.

NEVER!
JUST THE
ROANOKE
COLONY.

HUMANS
CALL ME
"DEMON
DOG," OF
VALLE
CRUCIS.

I JUST
WANT TO BE
CALLED
"GOOD
BOY!"



Um...
I'M BOB,
OF CHAR-
LOTTE.

I THOUGHT
IT WAS A
CLUB FOR
FANS OF
CRYPTO.

SORRY TO
INTRUDE
ON YOUR
SUPPORT
GROUP.

LIKE
BLOCK-
CHAIN?
NFT?

I THINK WE
FOUND A REAL
MONSTER.

I SAY
WE EAT
HIM.

YOU LIKE
"DOGE-
COIN"?



BOB WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

MURDER BIRD

by KATHLEEN FINCH



Flew off

Like a murder bird

Took my sunshine

Without a word

Ferried off

In the great big blue

Silently

As if he knew

THE MORG

by @stencilspray
vol.5



Francis, do
you have our
submission
ready for in*?

I don't feel
like making a
comic.



Why not?

Because the world is
a dumpster fire and
making comics
seems trivial right
now.



I feel helpless.
I certainly don't
feel like being funny.
And maybe I feel like
people shouldn't be
laughing.



Francis!
You *HAVE* to write
the comic.
If you stop writing
the comic,
we stop existing.
It may be trivial,
it may be a waste of time,
but it's *all we've got!*



I just feel like--

Shut it! I'm not going to stop
existing so you can wallow.
Shit sucks.

Now
Write the damn
comic



What?

maybe you
write the comic
once in a while

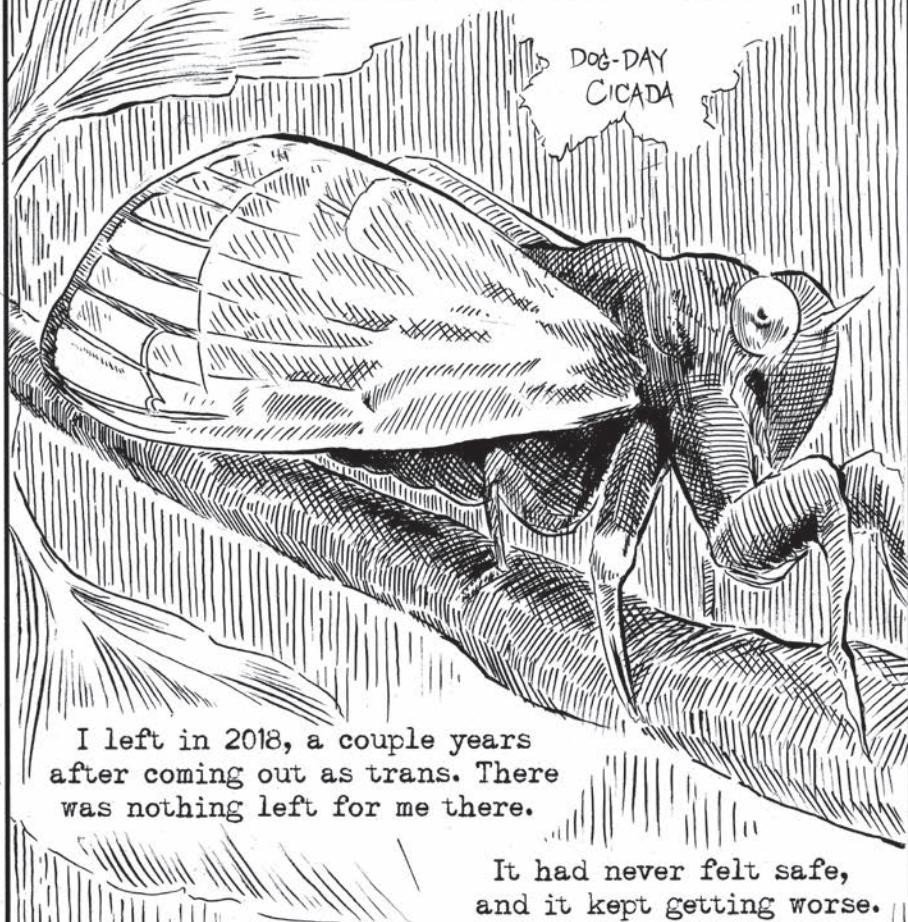


nothing.

ON CICADAS AND THE MEANING OF HOME

I've lived in a lot of places in my life.

I was born just outside of Saint Louis, MO, and spent most of my life wandering around my home state of Missouri. I spent quite a few nights in the backwoods of the Ozarks, listening to the cicada's call.



I left in 2018, a couple years after coming out as trans. There was nothing left for me there.

It had never felt safe, and it kept getting worse.

The hardest part of being queer and from a place like Missouri is that there's nowhere quite like it. Missouri is directly on the top of the Ozark mountain range, and most of my life was spent in the rural areas surrounding the I-70 corridor.

GASCONADE RIVER.
MT. STERLING,
MO.



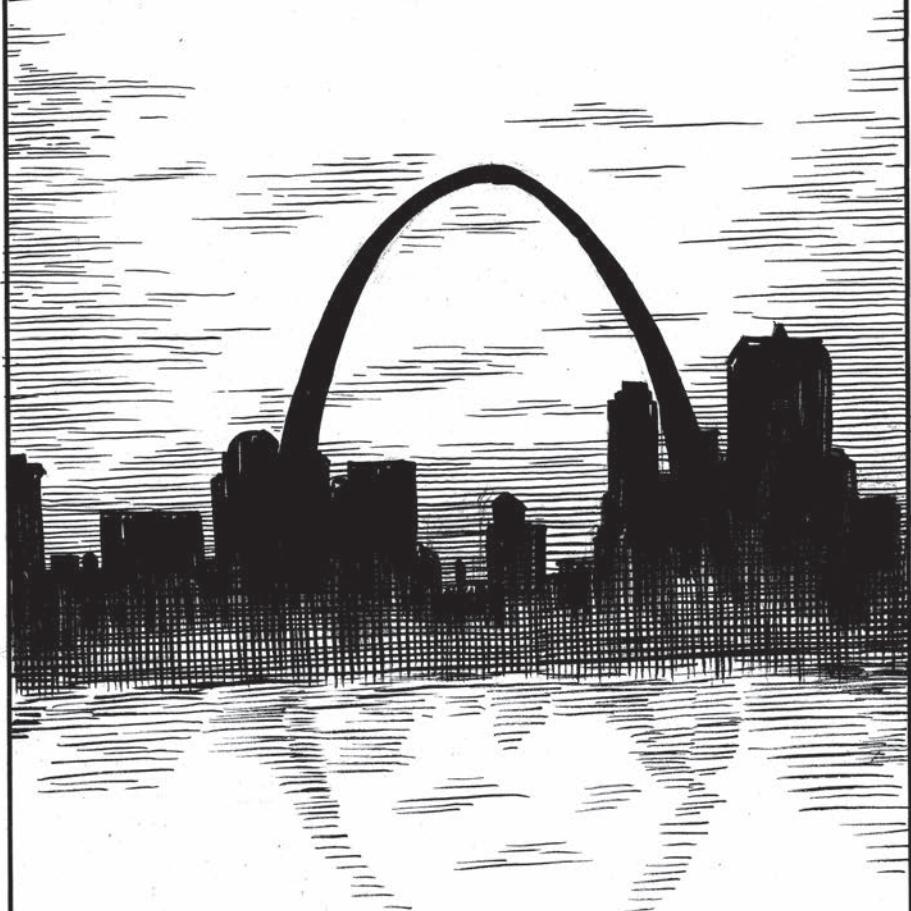
What this means is that, when you eventually leave, you'll never find a place that feels like the closest thing to home you ever knew, and knowing that the "home" you came from never wanted a queer like you will haunt you wherever you go.

I've travelled pretty extensively. I've lived in a van in New England, I've driven semitrucks through the South and over the Sierra Nevadas, I've worked the line in restaurants from Maine to Colorado.



There's not a single place I've lived that feels like the Ozarks. The mountains aren't my rolling hills. The trees are pine, not pin oak. The stars I slept under are washed away in street lights and ambient visual noise. The rent is too high. The cicadas don't sing.

Missouri isn't going to be any more welcoming any time soon, especially if the Hawleys and Greitens have their way. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't go back. I was never going to have a home there, and if things keep going the way they're going I'm not sure where in this country someone like me could ever have one.



I'm planning on moving again next year.

SKYLINE,
ST. LOUIS,
MO.

I'm still not sure where I'm going to go.

Wherever it is,

Sarah A. Radcliff

it won't be home.

VEGETABLE TOWN

by NATALIE ROBINSON



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How?

Why?

When?

FELIX NEVER KNOWS,
JUST THAT THE
IMPLAUSIBLE WILL
HAPPEN...

By CHANCE

A FELIX CHANCE SERIAL

j.e. pittman



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Watching Me Sleep

BY J.E. PITTMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL SAYER

THE MONSTER WATCHED SLUMPLY FROM THE FOOT OF THE BED, JAWS DRIPPING WITH THE GREEN ICHOR SQUIRTING OUT OF THE BLUME-SPRITE IT SNAPPED FROM HIS DREAM.

A DREAM UNKIND TO HIS MIND. A NIGHTMARE IF SUCH THINGS REALLY EXISTED — FOR A DREAM IS A DREAM REGARDLESS OF ONE'S PERCEPTION OF IT.

MANY DEBATE THAT POINT — THE INHERENT NATURE OF DREAMS AND THEIR TENDENCY TO BLISS, BAD, GOOD, WET, TERROR, OR PROPHECY — BUT THE MONSTER (OR SO HE STYLED HIMSELF WITH THE GLOWING EYES AND SHADOWY COUNTENANCE AND FANGS FROM WHICH THE ICHOR DRIPPED) KNEW DIFFERENTLY. HAD TASTED DIFFERENTLY. EVER SINCE THIS MAN WAS A CHILD, HE HAD BEEN PLAGUED BY DREAMS OF THE UNKIND SORT.

NIGHT TERRORS. TASTY TASTY,
TERRORS TONIGHT.



THE MBFULK RAN ITS TONGUE OVER THE FANGS, LICKING THE ICHOR CLEAN.

EACH SORT OF DREAM HAD A DIFFERENT TASTE TO HIM AND THE ONE HE WATCHED PROVIDED HIM WITH SUCH SUMPTUOUS VARIETY HE WAS GLAD HE NEVER ATE THE CHILD'S MIND — WHEN A CHILD HE HAD BEEN — OR NIBBLED HIS TOES FROM THE EDGE OF THE BED OR SKULKED FROM THE SHADOWY CLOSET BREATHING HUSKY NOISE OR ANY OF THE OTHER TACTICS HIS BROTHERS USED.

NO, THIS MONSTER UNDER THE BED HAD BEEN BEFRIENDED BY THE CHILD-NOW-MAN.

THE CHILD HAD NEVER BEEN SCARED OF HIM THOUGH HE WAS QUITE SCARY.

"YOU'RE NOT SCARY, FULK," THE CHILD HAD SAID. "IN HERE'S SCARY." THE LITTLE HUMAN CHILD POINTED TO HIS HEAD.

INTRIGUED, THE MBFULK — FULK AS THE CHILD HAD CALLED HIM — DIPPED HIS CLAW INTO THE MIND OF THE CHILD — LANCING THE FOUL FESTERING — AND REGRETTED IT IMMEDIATELY.

THE CHILD MUST HAVE A SOUL OF STEEL FOR ONE NOT YET BLED FOR FULK CRIED OUT AS HIS THREE HEARTS LURCHED AT THE SCENE BEFORE HIS MIND, TEARS IN THE MONSTER'S GLOWING EYE IN SYMPATHY FOR THIS BOY.

"SMALL WONDER YOU DO NOT FEAR TO STEP THE SHADOWS AND FALL THROUGH THE WORLD."

"NO, I WISH I WOULD." THE CHILD CRIED AND WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES, "WOULD YOU EAT ME FULK?"

A LITTLE HARMLESS CHILDHOOD TERROR WAS ALL THE FULK WAS AFTER, THE OVERACTIVE IMAGINATION RIPE FOR FUN WITHOUT LASTING HARM.

*NOT THIS
desolation.*

*N*OW, I SHOULD MENTION THE MFULK WAS QUITE SMALL THEN. NOT QUITE THREE APPLES HIGH, THOUGH NOT BLUE AS ONE MIGHT THINK. RATHER BLACK, IRIDESCENT TO GREEN AND PURPLE - LIKE A CROW'S FEATHER.

BUT THEN FULK BEGAN TO FEED ON THE UNKIND DREAMS OF THE BOY WHO BECAME HIS FRIEND. FOR THIRTY YEARS HE DEVOURIED THE NASTY, PUGNESCENT VITRIOL POOLING BETWEEN THE BOY'S EARS. AT FIRST ONLY NIBBLING LITTLE BITS AND PIECES AS HE COULD, FACING THE FEARS LANCING THE BOY'S MIND LIKE PURPLE LIGHTNING.

LAPPING UP THE POISON.

AND FULK GREW. STRONGER AND STRONGER WITH EACH DREAM CONQUERED.

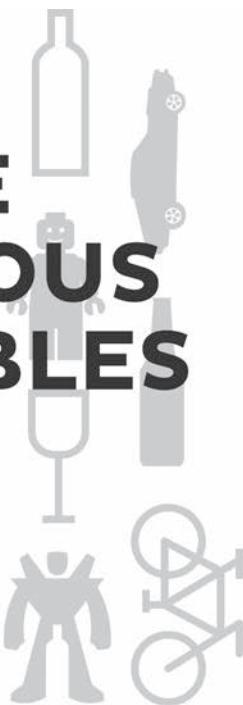
GRADUALLY THE DREAMSCAPE CHANGED FROM CESSPOOL TO VERDANT MEADOWS.

j.e. pittman

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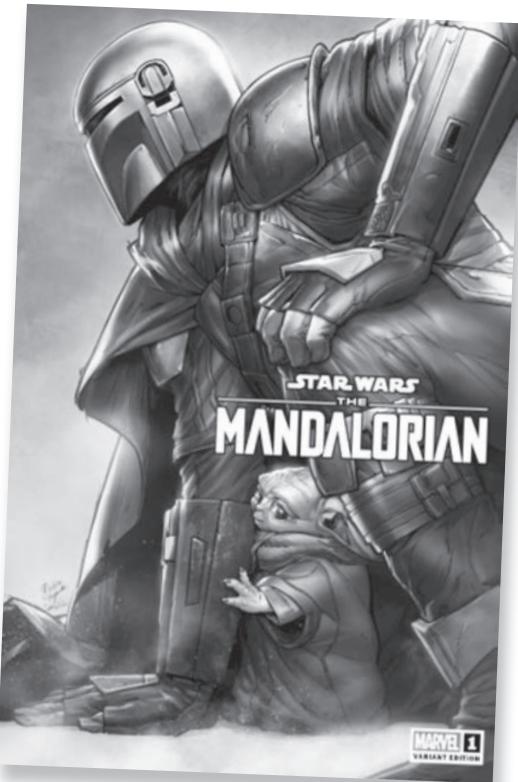


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